mary I would not doe such a thing for a ioynt-ring, or for measures of Lawne, nor for Gownes, Petticotes, or Caps, nor any petty exhibition; but for the whole world: why who would not make her husband a Cuckold to make him a Monarch? I should venture purgatory for it.

Des. Beshrew me, if I would doe such wrong
For the whole world.

Em. Why, the wrong is but a wrong i'th world; and having the world for your labour, tis a wrong in your owne world, and you might quickly make it right.

Des. I doe not thinke there is any such woman.

Em. Yes, a dozen, and as many to the vantage, as would store the world they played for.
But I doe thinke it is their husbands faults,
If wiues doe fall: (say that they slack their duties,
And poure our treasures into forreigne laps,
Or else breake out in peeuish iealousies,
Throwing restraint vpon vs; or say they strike vs,
Or scant our former having in despight,)
Why we haue galles, and though we haue some grace,
Yet haue we some reuenge: Let husbands know
Their wiues haue sence like them; they see, and smell,
And haue their pallats both for sweet and sowre,
As husbands haue: what is it that they doe,
When they change vs for others? is it sport?
I thinke it is; and doth affection breed it?
I thinke it doth; is't frailty that thus errres?
It is so too; and haue not we affections?
Desires for sport? and frailtie as men haue?
Then let em vse vs well, else let em know,
The ills we doe, their ills instruct vs so.

Des. Good night, good night, heauen me such vses send,
Not to pick bad from bad, but by bad mend. *Exeunt.*

Actus 5. *Scœna* 1.

Enter Iago *and* Roderigo.

Iag. HEre stand behind this bulke, strait will he come,
Weare thy good Rapier bare, and put it home,

Quicke

Quicke, quicke, feare n
It makes vs, or it marre
And fixe more firme th
Rod. Be neere at ha
Iag. Here at thy ha
Rod. I haue no grea
And yet he has giuen m
Tis but a man gon: for
Iag. I haue rubd thi
And he growes angry,
Or *Cassio* him, or each
Euery way makes my
He calls me to a restitu
For Gold and Iewells t
As gifts to *Desdemona*
It must not be, if *Cassio*
He has a daily beauty i
That makes me vgly:
May vnfould me to hi
No, he must die, be't so
En
Rod. I know his ga
Cas. That thrust ha
But that my coate is be
I will make proofe of t
Rod. O, I am slaine.
Cas. I am maimd fo
En
Oth. The voice of
Rod. O villaine tha
Oth. Harke, tis eue
Cas. O helpe ho, lig
Oth. Tis he, O brau
That hast such noble sen
Thou teacheſt me; —
And your vnblest fate h
Forth of my heart, tho
Thy bed lust-staind, sha

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Othello* (STC 22306) LONDON, 1630 UNIVERSITY OF EDIN